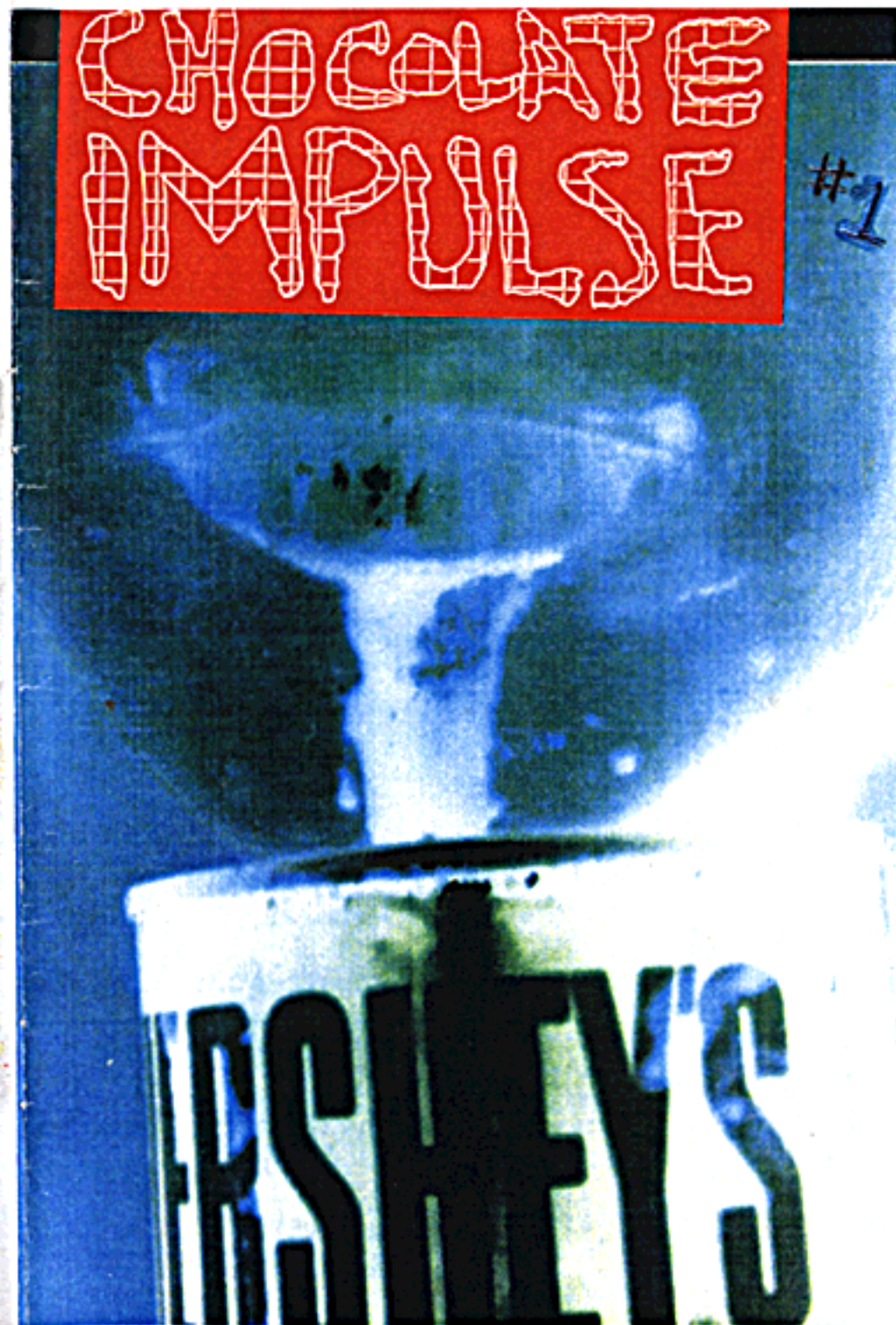


ANALISSIMO

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pénétrations anales



Chocolate Impulse^{#1}

is conceived, created, written, and sucked dry by



Valerie Chocolate



and



Faith Impulse



We assume no responsibility for anything, least of all our own lives. This issue was completed over six days, during which we got into three fights, gave up on the project four times, and experienced countless orgasms.

Advertisers—Why the hell would you want to advertise with us? Well, send us your ad, and we'll talk about rates.

Write to us at PO Box [redacted], Freeburn, Kentucky [redacted]. Send us \$1 + 2 stamps for additional copies. We may consider dirty pajamas in trade. The editrixes are schooled in several ancient arts of self-defense and also experience frequent PMS, so keep all letters and comments favorable, or risk getting pussy-whipped.

Each issue is "stink-wrapped" by Faith Impulse. Take a whiff!

Intro: Just 2 Dykes from Kentucky

By Faith Impulse

"This is a weird world full of weird people."

-Blowfly

Imagine you live in the middle of nowhere. No, not even the middle—you live on the fringes of nowhere. What few people there are all look the same, dress the same, and most importantly they think the same. They live their lives doing exactly what they're told to do.

When something different enters their tight little world, these nowhere people get scared. Like cornered rats, they strike back at this threatening invader. They get violent. They beat, they persecute, they drive people out of town. If they're really angry, they kill.

My real name isn't Faith Impulse. Neither is "Valerie Chocolate" my co-editor's real name. Where we live, if we revealed who we really are, we'd probably get lynched, or at least driven out of town by angry rednecks carrying torches.

I'm white. Valerie is black. In our town, our mere friendship is enough to piss most people off. But Valerie and I are lovers, too. That's enough to get us killed by the small-minded people in this small little town.

We were both born and raised in these dirty old hills in Eastern Kentucky, where jobs are few and cool people are fewer. Most of the people who will read this zine probably live in big city areas, where people are much more tolerant of alternative lifestyles. We sometimes feel like we're going crazy way out here, so we'd appreciate any feedback or support you could give us.

Valerie and me have what we call "a funny kind of love." I'm pretty much a hardcore lesbian, but Val sometimes seeks comfort in the arms of strangers, some of them men. They get her body sometimes, but I have her heart all the time. It seems like a fair deal to me.

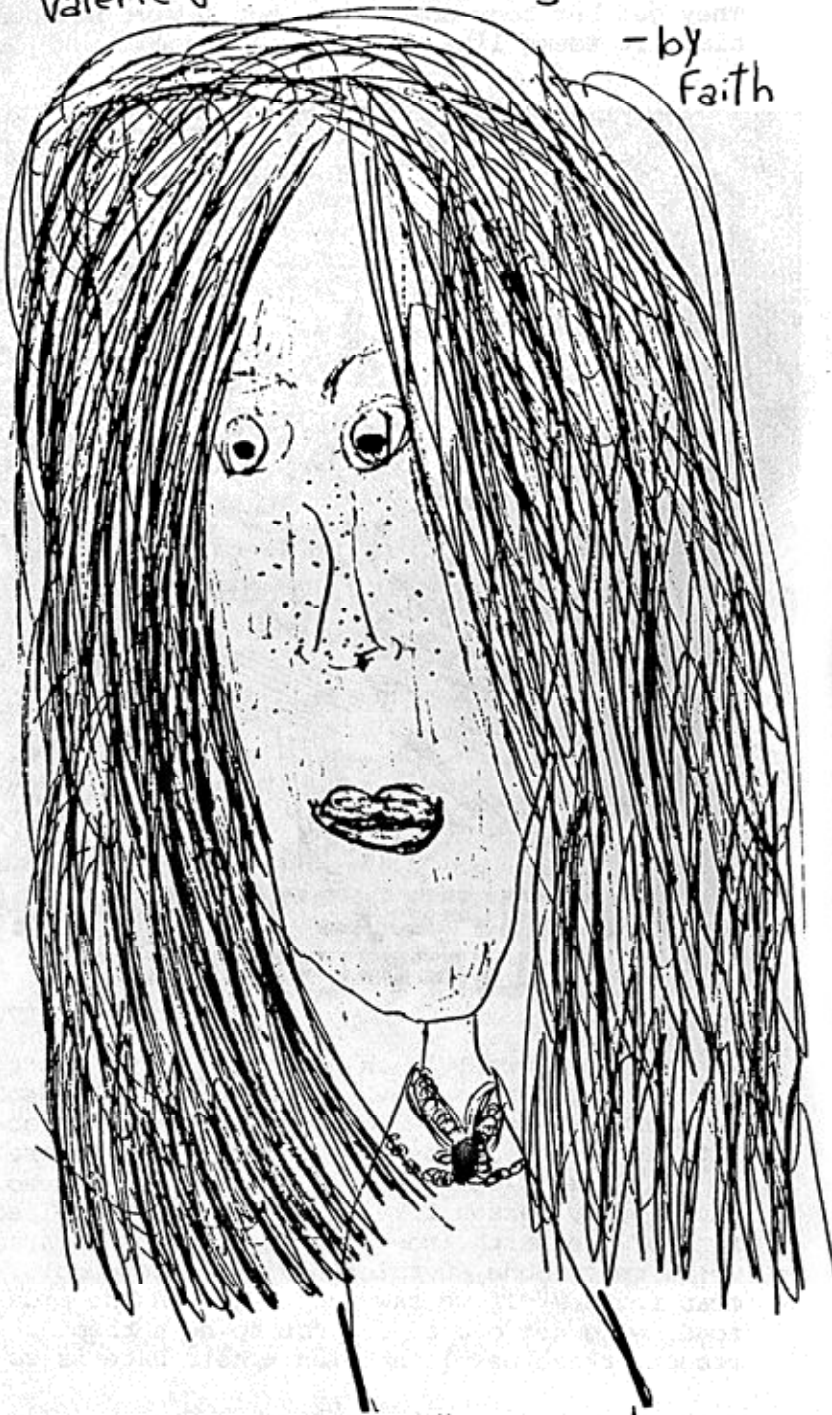


PERFECT THRU SUFFERING

We think of ourselves as good people. We don't go out of our way to hurt anybody, we help people in need, we take care of the people we love and we sometimes obey the law. But there are some people out there--if you're down with me you'll know what kind of person I mean--who won't stop until every person like Valerie and me is wiped off the face of the earth. Now, you've got to understand that we've never done anything bad to these people. We're not mean to them. If we saw them lying on the side of the road, we'd get out of our car to help them. But for some reason, these people hate us. Their hate is so strong, it

Valerie just after waking up

-by
Faith



Faith IN A BAD MOOD



By, Valerie

seems like it's the only thing that they live for. In a way, it seems like they need us, because they need somebody to hate.

Among certain people, many of them who should know better, it's cool to hate these days. It's hip to hate. But if you've ever come face-to-face with true blunt ugly hatred, you wouldn't think it was cool. You'd fight with every fiber to rid the world of that hate, like it was a plague.

see drawings prior and with two steady magnifying-glass-like lines
above and on either side of the drawing

OUR BODIES and SIN

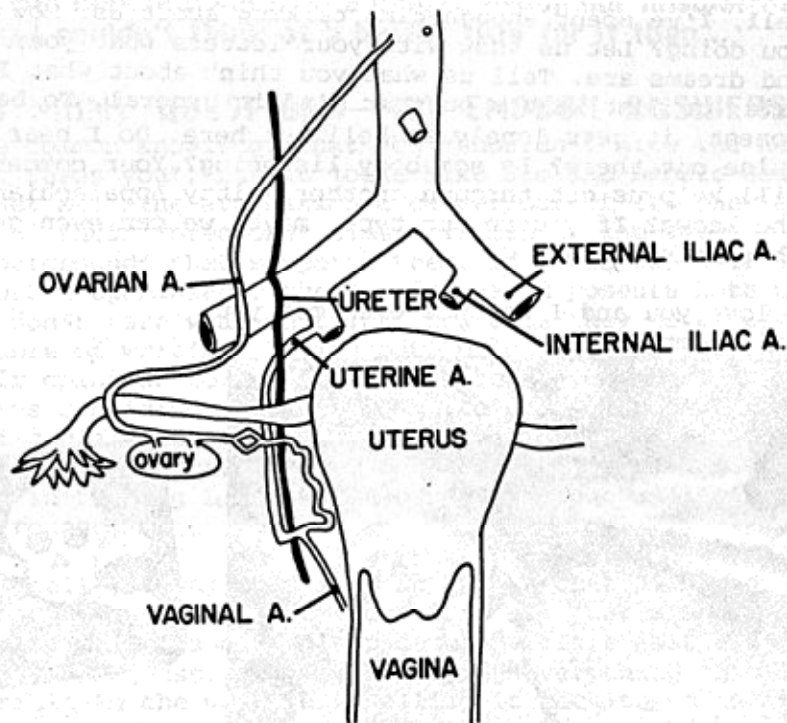


I've felt that kind of hate. I've been called a 'nigger lover' and refused entrance to clubs in this town. I've had bottles thrown at me from mothers and their kids at the same time. I'm always at least a little worried about Valerie and my safety, because I know that the hate is out there, that there are people with sad little hearts who would laugh loud and long if we were dead.

Someday, when we save up enough, we'll move out of this tiny tinker-town and move to the big city, someplace where people are more open-minded (I hope!) and seem to have at least a little bit of brains. I'm sure that on that day, we'll feel like we're entering the promised land, the land of milk and honey. We'll look at each other and laugh at the "old days," when we lived in what feels like a 24-hour prison that people call Freeburn.

But for now, we're STUCK like glue to this little toilet-bowl town. And each day seems to get worse. About a month and a half ago, Valerie's mom died of cancer after a long, painful, costly struggle. Then, Valerie got laid-off from her supermarket check-out job and came running to me for a little TLC (not to mention FREE rent, Val-ahem!) I got into a whole long, drawn-out hassle over sexual harrassment in the veterinary office where I work (you're a pig, Doc, and I recommend that you be neutered like most of the horny, uncontrollable Dobermans who come through our office doors.) I thought about quitting, but

where would that leave us? Two homeless dykes strolling through the hills of eastern Kentucky, begging for food? We were totally depressed, kinda hungry, completely penniless, and rent was due in six days, and I rent from a big, fat, homophobic, racist, macho sexist pig who don't like blacks much less BLACK LESBIANS, and he'd be more than happy to throw my soft, cute ass out into the cold if I couldn't come up with the \$275 that I pay for this shitty one-bedroom. So, against my better sense, I kept my job. What would YOU do? In fact, where the hell do you think I got the fancy-schmancy color xeroxing/plain xeroxing for CHOCOLATE IMPULSE done? That's right, if you can't beat 'em, scam 'em.



Things ain't all bad. Valerie found a part-time gig doing 1 (800) telephone sales in a town about ten miles from here. It's a nighttime thing, and when she gets home from work, it's about two in the morning, and I suck her sweet black pussy until dawn, when I have to get ready for work. She goes to sleep, I type stuff about heartworms and black labradors, then we spend a couple late-afternoon hours together before she goes off to work and I hit the sack (to SLEEP this time, you perverts!) I kind

of like it this way. We don't get into each other's hair too much. When Val's fucking around with some man she met in a bar (ahh, the insatiable Ms. Valerie Chocolate!), I don't have to know about it. When I want to read a book or take the dog for a walk, she doesn't have to get bored. When we're together, it's because we want to be together, doing something that both of us like (most of the time, that takes place within a 3-foot radius of the bed). Valeries' taught me a gold mine of stuff about life that my parents didn't clue me in on. In some ways, I think I've given Val some of the love and attention her family never had time for. It seems like a good arrangement. Besides, the sex is just too crazy-good to give up!

Well, I've spent enough time talking about us. How are you doing? Let us know with your letters what your hopes and dreams are. Tell us what you think about what I've said, or just what's on your mind in general. To be honest, it gets lonely as hell out here. Do I hear a pulse out there? Is somebody listening? Your comments will help us get through another shitty Appalachian day. Who knows? If you're our type, maybe we can even get a threesome going....

I love you and I haven't even met you,
Faith Impulse



Some cite poor
treatment for
sexual abuse

IN THE CROSSHAIRS

by faith impulse

"IN THE CROSSHAIRS" will be a regular feature of Chocolate Impulse. In each issue, we will take aim at a person(s) who we feel has a negative effect on the scene, either through exploiting it, or working against the scene's ideals. We'll say the stuff that everyone else is afraid to say.

In this issue's installment, we focus our crosshairs on Jim and Debbie Goad of the way-too-popular Answer Me! zine. I couldn't think of a better title for it than...

TOO MANY QUESTIONS—NOT ENOUGH ANSWERS.

It's common knowledge that you "shouldn't bite the hand that feeds you", but it looks like Jim and Debbie Goad of Answer Me! zine are making a career out of it. They spend all of their "precious" time criticizing the very "underground" that supports them. If these two self-absorbed egomaniacs, these middle-aged poseurs hate us and don't care what we think, how come they go to the trouble of writing, laying out, printing, and SELLING their opinions to us. If they hate us, how come they're always confiding their problems to us? If they're so anti-social, how come they're doing interviews with every zine in existence? If they don't like people, why do they live in fucking L.A., which has over eight million of us cockroaches?

I'll tell you why, and it's an ANSWER that Jim Goad probably doesn't want to hear—it's all just a sham, a pose, a style, a convenient demeanor. It's just slick, elitist smugness. They're packaging everything that's horrible in the world and selling it back to us in a nice



Hate groups use media to win converts



This picture shows clearly how sneezing without covering the mouth with a handkerchief may spread dangerous bacteria and cold virus, hatred + racism.

traditional husband-and-wife roles, traditional jobs, traditional man-on-top sex, traditional lilywhite USA bullshit. How very revolutionary.

Hate. HATE. Where can all this hate go, except down? They're anti-sex, which means they're anti-people, which really means that they hate themselves. Hate destroys the person who hates, and Jim Goad will destroy himself. We don't have to do a thing. The first time he allowed himself to hate freely, to give it full reign, to not step back and question what the eventual outcome of his relentless hate would be, was the time that Jim Goad planted the seeds of his own destruction within himself.

So far, they've covered murder and suicide. They've sympathetically interviewed racists. They've made fun of gay people everywhere with a homophobic article about NAMBLA. It couldn't get worse, could it? Think again. Jim



big, slick, easy to-read format. And the suckers among us are buying it! What's the matter with y'all—there aren't enough Nazis in the world for you? There aren't enough killers? There aren't enough Klu Klux Klansmen? There aren't enough child molesters who are willing to rape, torture, and kill innocent little children? Do we constantly need to be reminded of their existence?

Now, a glorified carnival barker like Jim Goad will tell you that he's covering all this stuff in the name of "truth," "freedom of speech," and "uncovering stuff that

no one wants to talk about." Their secret agenda—and it should be obvious to anyone with half a brain in her head—is to suppress any truly progressive thought in favor of a return to THE SAME OLD SHIT—racist, sexist, fascist, classist, white-male-dominated society. They present their parade of freaks, hatemongers and other undesirable scum with a knowing smirk— "Isn't this funny?" — but what they're really saying is, "Look out, dykes, queers, and blacks—WE'RE STILL OUT THERE, and there are a lot more of us than there are of you. We can still keep you in your place, either with intimidation or direct violence." The Goad's little magic trick is presented to us under the guise of honesty and humor. I fail to see the truth in what their saying, and I sure as hell ain't laughing.

The very fact that the Goads are married proves how mainstream and ordinary they are. Traditional marriage,

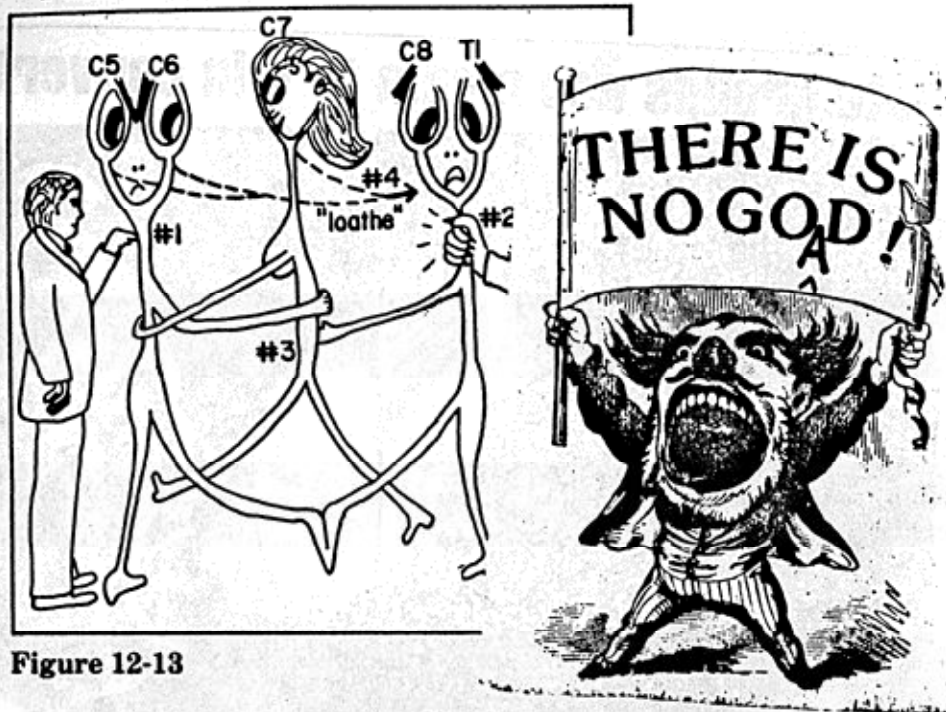


Figure 12-13

Goad is now bragging that the next Answer Me! will be devoted to the touching topic of rape. Jim, if you're going to make light of other people's suffering, I've got news for you, brother—there are a lot of us, especially women, who have been raped and kept down by pigs like you for far too long. WE ARE THE WOMEN OF THE NIGHT. If you're going to rub salt in our wounds and laugh about it with your beer buddies, we will find you some day and expose you to the same violence you dream about in your bedroom, only this time it'll be REAL. Don't fuck with this Kentucky dyke, boy.

To be honest, I must say that there are things in Answer Me that I've really enjoyed, especially Debbie Goad's articles. Debbie seems like she's really in a lot of pain—REAL pain, not poseur-pain—a lot of it no doubt caused by that asshole of a husband she has. I think that if she ever squeezes out from under Jim's thumb and tells him to get lost, she has the stuff to be a really important writer. And I have to confess something else—I think I have a crush on her hateful, frizzy-haired self. That's right, Debbie. Hate your magazine, love you. I know that Chocolate gets all jealous about this kind of thing, but I can't help my poor little country self. They say that there's not much difference between love and hate, and every time I see your pissed-off little face in



cont.

Maximum Rock and Roll or Details, I fall a little bit more in love with you. Ever take a walk on the wild side, Debbie? Don't knock something until you tried it. If you're ever in Kentucky, look me up. You just might find that the ANSWER lies in a little furry patch between my legs.

VAGINISMUS

FICTION BY VALERIE CHOCOLATE

I broke my hymen with an exacto knife. Ouch! It hurt so much I saw

stars. At the hospital, I was stitched up and told to do vaginal contractions after healing. It might help the orgasmic dysfunction, the nurse said.

I wish to remain anonymous. Without revealing too much I'll tell you I'm a twenty-five-year-old divorcee. I married my high school sweetheart Eddie. We were virgins and the reason we got married was to have sex. Sex became the reason we divorced. We thought conditions would change, but they don't. When things are bad, they only get worse. Every Thursday we tried. Thursday was my night of hell.

Eddie caught me with a library book one Friday night. I'll put it this way - I wasn't reading it. I've tried vibrators, wax candles, french ticklers, brush handles, and a back scratcher.



Eddie's organ hurt real bad. Instead of pleasure, I felt pressure. I didn't get lubricated and it was like inserting an enema. I squeezed as if I was taking a shit. I drew a slight, short tinge, but no orgasm. Eddie rolled over. He mumbled, "If you looked sexy, maybe you'd feel sexy."

A few seconds later, he was asleep. One night we stopped trying. But I didn't stop thinking.

I telephoned sex therapists. I didn't want to be considered a freak, so I hung up before they got my name. I wrote to Dear Abby but omitted my return address. Frigidity leaves me cold and frustrated. Vaginismus makes insertion virtually impossible and I'm defeated.

I read about my condition through my librarian job. Books on the subject are scarce. At the library no one notices anything. All I hear is pages turning and people walking. I feel like screaming. On the outside, they may think that I'm a prim and proper bookworm that no one wants. On the inside, there's a wild frenzy of unleashed mania screaming to dance out.

If I reached climax, maybe my tension could go away. Maybe, if only temporarily. But right now, nothing works.



Tom Quinn of East Quogue needs one last drag before teeing off at last weekend's Long Island Amputee Golf Classic at Swan Lake in Manorville. Quinn and 21 other amputees competed in the three-day event, which was a showcase of perseverance, as well as good golf.—B.C. Photo



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RAPING US**

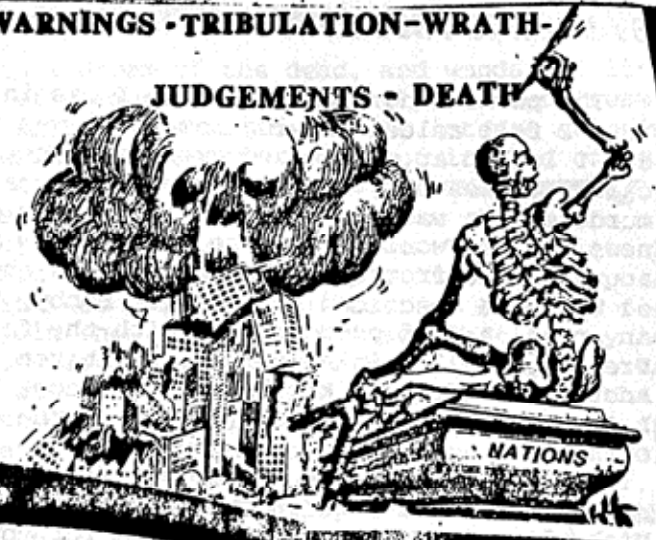


Pig Ears..... 59¢ LB

Deaths and funerals

WARNINGS • TRIBULATION • WRATH •

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**...OR
SUFFER
THE
CONSE-
QUENCES!**



DEATH IN MY LIFE

BY VALERIE CHOCOLATE

The phone rang with the news. I was in bed already. Yet, I fell asleep knowing something was wrong. The next day I looked at my mom and questioned her about the phone call. It was Donny's sister-in-law who called. Donny got murdered. It was the first time I'd hear such shitty news, but it wouldn't be the last. A few months later, an acquaintance from the neighborhood was shot.

When Joe described his brother Bobby, he sounded like an angel. A deaf photographer with the face of Elvis Presley, killed in Amsterdam. Relatives rolled out. Another old friend, Karl P. was overcome by AIDS. Karen L.'s mother broke the news. Alone in the car, heroin overdose.

"I'm sorry, but the number you dialed has been disconnected." I knew something was wrong. So I called Michael's mother. "I have bad news for you, Val." Once he got in that car, he never got out. The wounded voice of a mother breaking the news. He was an only child. This woman gave birth to him and is now shocked that he died before her.

I cried in the shower as the water came pouring down. Michael brought me candy on Valentine's Day when I had no other friends. He covered his shyness by being "class clown." He never did me wrong and had a heart of gold. It's always the good. I visualized myself on a mountain top screaming, "No!"

He was the same age as me. But I've had so many close calls. Cancer scares, car mishaps, cars going out of control, almost hitting a parked car, a head-on collision with a school bus, falling asleep behind the wheel, almost being crushed by a mobile home, attempted robbery at gunpoint. It's not your time yet.

When and who decides? It's not my time yet, so I'm capable of writing this. I'm not religious but I cross myself and say a prayer to my dead friends. The trashy people live to ripe old ages, but the ones I've known that died had good personalities and interesting stuff to offer. The shitty people's motors keep running strong. I take out my ouija board, but nothing happens. I want to believe the dead can hear me.

"He is just away," is written on a sympathy card. Books and movies display heaven as a heavenly place.

Friends can be dead when they're alive, if they're never seen again.

Sometimes I dream of the dead, and wonder if it's their form of communication. Recently, I even dreamed that I was shot in my throat. I felt intense stinging and then heard two more gunshots. But instead of dying I woke up.

Time passes and I feel better. Even though I'm a depressed type, I'm glad to be alive. The initial shock is gone. When I think of the people I've known who are now dead, it just seems like a fact (of life). I feel like I'll join them one day. I'll see Charlie, my 16 1/2 year old water spaniel and Albert, the cat we had to give up and subsequently was put to sleep by the ASPCA, without our consent. I'll see old friends and we'll smile at each other knowingly. Now none of us has to pay taxes or do laundry, nor go to work, shower, or worry about how we look. Finally a rest.

Now you're on vacation and you WILL finally get a rest. The most peaceful rest of your life.



"JESSE"

FICTION BY VALERIE CHOCOLATE

My telephone doesn't ring.

It doesn't matter, because Jesse wakes up next to me in bed. He stares at me with those big, sunken eyes. I twirl my fingers in his coarse red chest hair. Jesse's not like the others. He's there for me when I call out his name in the middle of the night. I'm lucky our paths crossed. Jesse's one of a kind. I've known him for three years. Our friendship and love are tender. He's always been there for me. I eye his body knowingly.

"I Only Have Eyes For You" drifts out of my radio. I sing along. You need someone to survive. I feel awkward.

CONTROL ORGASM FOR MAXIMUM PLEASURE!



the barriers can't be broken. They live in their own worlds. They're cold and unfeeling. They show no interest in me. They don't listen to me. They don't notice me. They've got a mean streak in their systems.

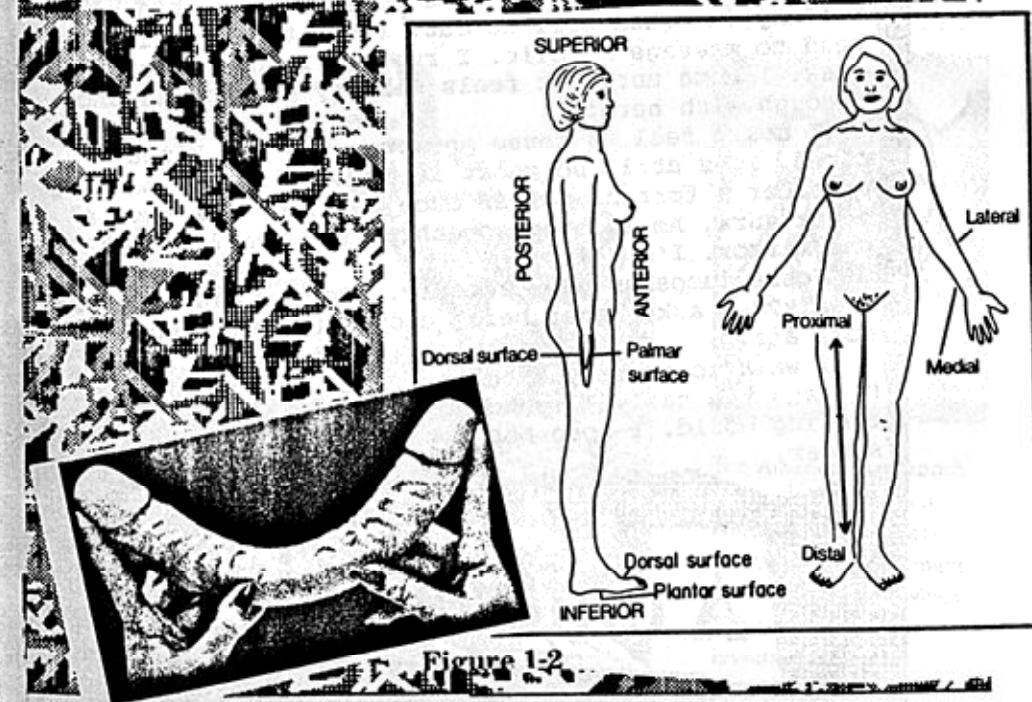
But Jesse loves me. I cherish him so much, I had to take our love one step further. We had to go all the way. We had to consummate our love. Jesse broke my hymen. He sniffed the blood and licked it off the sheet that night. When you drink someone's blood, you drink their soul.

Now no one's going to separate us. What scares me is that he's all I've got in this world. I feel peaceful when I'm with Jesse. When I'm not with him, I can't stop thinking about his beauty.



I'm lonely, so why waste time? He feels warm next to me. My hands rub from his neck down over his spine. I sniff his toes and kiss them gently. Their popcorn smell relaxes me. I put my lips to his and kiss him. I feel his soft, wet gums against my lips. His mouth is warm and juicy like a steak. I whisper in his ear, "I'll love you forever." In our hearts, we'd die without each other. Fuck the others, because Jesse's here. Our secret's safe.

Jesse won't tell. He listens to me. It helps a little when you know someone cares. He gives me



Service



what's missing in my life. Our chemistry's right. There's an animal attraction between us.

The ritual begins. I place a Hershey's kiss between my teeth. With one stroke of his long tongue, Jesse scoops it out and swallows loudly. My mouth slowly moves down his furry chest and the thin trail of hair leading to his cock. I take it into my mouth and proceed to suck. Jesse gets excited. His tongue's hanging out. I rub his hairy balls. I tickle his ass. What's that speck of dirt doing in there? Must have gotten it from dirty streets. I sometimes wish he could bathe more often.

Jesse groans while I jack him off. He stares straight ahead as if nothing is happening. But then, it happens—Jesse comes. Squirts of it stain my fingers.

It's time now for my pleasure. I apply butter to my nipples and Jesse licks it off. I grab his head and guide his face towards my cunt. He sniffs it. He licks it some, like he's done dozens of times. His tongue stimulates my clit like no one out there could. I've trained my lover well. I grab his cock and play with his balls some more. I place his prick halfway in, then pull it out. I use the now slimy head to massage my clit. I rub and I rub. Minutes pass. I come until it feels like my pelvis was shot through with heroin.

I don't feel as tense anymore. Now I'm kinda tired. It's still so quiet in my studio apartment. I remember a fortune teller once telling me I have a black aura. Am I doing something so wrong? I look in the mirror. I'm ugly.

Jesse jumps up unexpectedly. "Do you want to take a walk?" I ask. After being cooped up, we both need some air.

I walk towards my kitchen area. I grab his leash. He wags his tail. Time to go outside and face the fucking world. I open the door. Things seem even sadder.

A different view

FIGHT SEXISM!

KICK ALL SEXIST, REDNECK
PIGS WHERE IT HURTS—
BETWEEN THE LEGS!



tapeworm in muscles of pig



Enough is enough



The American cockroach (above) is a common household pest. These insects infest the kitchens of careless housewives. What harm do these insects do?



Split Fryer \$1.59
Breasts
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**POT-SMOKIN', CUNT-
LICKIN', LESBIAN
KENTUCKY WEEKEND!**

by faith impulse

You can call me and Valerie hicks, hillbillies, backwoods rednecks (even though Valerie's BLACK!), and even Ma 'n' MA Kettle, but don't EVER say we don't know how to have fun! We know enough country bumpkin sexual tricks to send you city slickers howling back to your concrete and subways! Not that we're interested, but we can do things that would make "the South rise again" in every pair of boys' pants from here to Tallahassee!

24

Case in point: on a Saturday morning two weeks ago, we bummed a ride with Keith, the only cool guy in town, to nearby Prestonburg. Keith is a friendly person, and he doesn't ask questions. Every weekend, Keith drives in there to do construction and repair work on houses. He drops us off at the bus station in Prestonburg, and we go in and buy two round-trip tickets to Lexington. We usually go into Lexington every two months or so to buy clothes, records, and zines, then get drunk and crash in some cheap motel for a night. We had about forty-five minutes before the bus left, so we hurried over to this park a few blocks from the bus station where they sell weed. That's one good thing about Eastern Kentucky—we grow tons of pot out here. In some counties, marijuana is the biggest cash crop. It frustrates the feds, but there's a lot of poverty and unemployment here—shouldn't we be allowed to put food on the table by any means necessary? Anyway, we buy two dime bags and roll a joint with some papers we begged from the dealer. We torch it and then wait for the bus.

The bus ride was slow and dreamy. As we start to walk through Lexington's dirty streets, we make our first mistake. "Let's get a drink, Valerie says, pointing to this old skid-row type place. So we walk into the dark, dusty bar—it's about eleven a.m.—and start drinking.

And drinking. And drinking. And DRINKING. And DRINKING
and dancing to stupid Billy Ray Cyrus tunes on the tube

box. And ordering more drinks and dancing more. Old alcoholics come and go. We keep drinking and dancing.

*It's Satan's Rock and Roll,
and the christians love it so!*

FUCK 'EM ALL FUCK 'EM ALL

FUCK 'EM ALL FUCK 'EM ALL



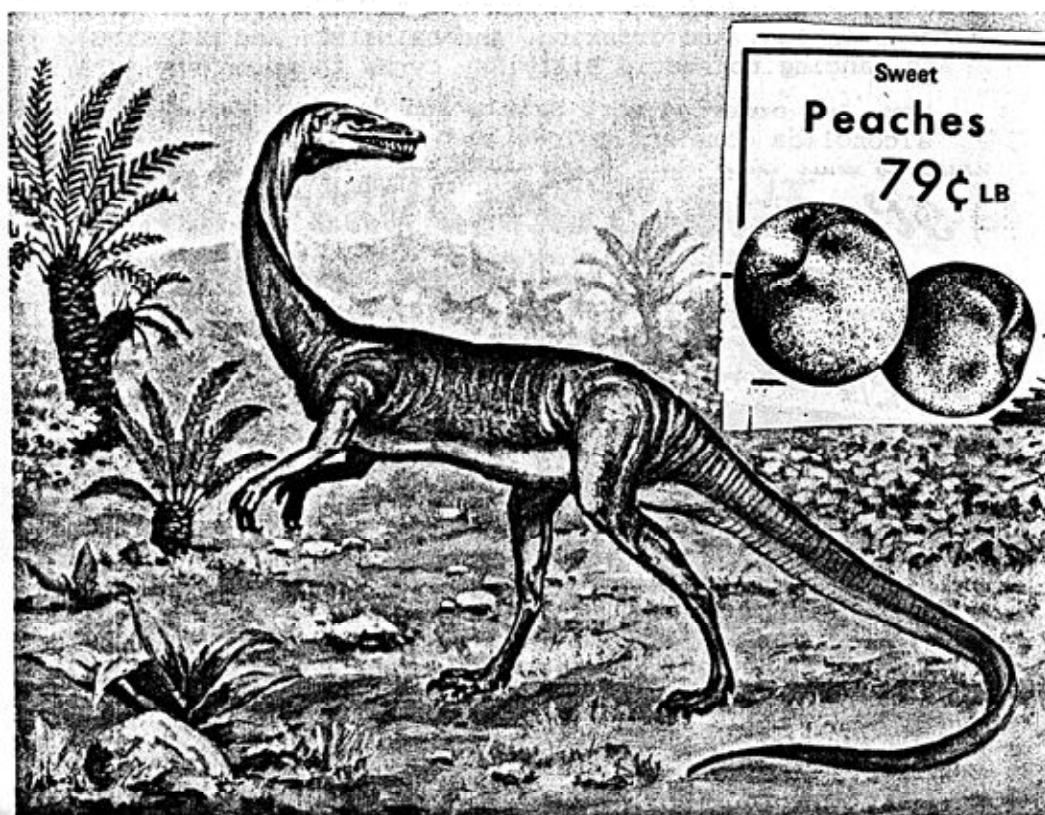
FUCK 'EM ALL
FUCK 'EM ALL
FUCK 'EM ALL
FUCK 'EM ALL

As we get ready to go, we realize that SOMEONE HAD STOLEN OUR PURSES! Son of a bitch! What are we going to do. The bartender says he doesn't know anything about it and it happens all the time there. Hysterical, we walk into the streets, our little hearts pumping.

We walk maybe a mile until I collapse on someone's front porch and start crying like a baby. A minute later, some hick pulls up, honks, and says, "how much?" Valerie and me look at each other and grin. I wipe my tears away.

"What did you have in mind, honey?" Val asks the half-bald guy, a real Goober if I ever saw one. I walk up to the car. "How much for the both of ya?" he asks, sweat on his upper lip. "Hundred and fifty, and you pay for the hotel and rubbers," Val says without missing a beat. The idiot agrees!

Shit! I hate everything about men! And he wants to FUCK me? Well, it didn't take long, and his thing was so small compared to some of those strap-ons that Val has used on me, I hardly even felt anything. He cleaned up his mess and left, leaving us with a hotel room for the night and enough money to party like stars!



We showered, napped, and went to this Lexington disco, a weird mix of flamboyant queers and conservative college queers. "Let's find a girlfriend," Val says, and by that time I'm so stoned, drunk, and horny for some REAL sex, I can do nothing but agree. So we dance with tall girls, fat girls, blond girls, rich girls, and we get nowhere. We were both ready to crash by this time, so we went to the ladies room to piss before we left. As I'm brushing my hair and Val's washing her hands in the sink next to me, this little dreamboat walks in and says, "Hey, anybody got a joint they could sell me?" We give each other that LOOK for the second time in the same day.

Let's just say that if I didn't love Valerie, I could go for this other girl in a major way. She ate me, I ate her, we both ate Val, we repeated just like it was a spin cycle, and then we all cuddled together in the bed and watched old movies. We smoked up both bags, polished off two bottles of really cheap wine, and all fell asleep like gingerbread girls.

When morning came, so did we! We took a hot shower, and let me tell you, it was HOT in every way imaginable. God bless the person who invented the pulsating shower head! We kissed our little prom queen goodbye (we've since spoken with her, and she doesn't want us to use her name) and took a cab back to the bus station.

We got back into Prestonburg around three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Keith, the sweetie that he is, was waiting outside the bus station right as we got there.

"How was work?" Val asked him as we approached the hills leading to Freeburn. "Oh, it was alright," Keith said. "It was work. What about you guys—did you have a good time in Lexington?" "Oh, yeah," Val said, "A GREAT time!" "Yeah, you guys always know how to have fun," Keith said. "Honey, you don't know the half of it," Val said, and we all laughed.

only words...

poetry by valerie chocolate

What is happiness?

A cock in the vagina?

A color TV?

Eating at Sardi's and then later a movie?

Wearing the most expensive pair of gloves?

No, none of these.

What is happiness?

No, not even the diamond engagement ring.

What is happiness?

Happiness is being able to look yourself in the mirror and dig on what the reflection you see.

You see, happiness is not from material sources, or human sources, but from these source.

Claudia -

Every time I see her, she gets on my nerves.

She is incoherent and ill.

I ask her something she doesn't answer.

She has the built of a man and dresses ~~it~~ worse than a dyke.

She's sloppy, unorganized and I hate her.

She's a child.

She is ugly and doesn't know how to wipe the shit off her ass.

And she gets shit on her shoes,

And you know what they say about people who get shit on their shoes; they're fools and clowns, for us to laugh at.

She ~~so~~ takes a cigarette and doesn't stop putting.

She bunks into me when I walk near her.

She sees guys and puts her head down

She takes tea and breaks the plate

She has no taste for music

And all to her is great and the same

She babbles her words

And is a failure ^{with} her women's

Liberation tee-shirt.

She lives four houses down the block

In a beautiful house

But she is quite the opposite of of a beautiful person

She is to be pitied.

There are many people to be pitied

The junkies, downheads by the square,

In the Floridian,

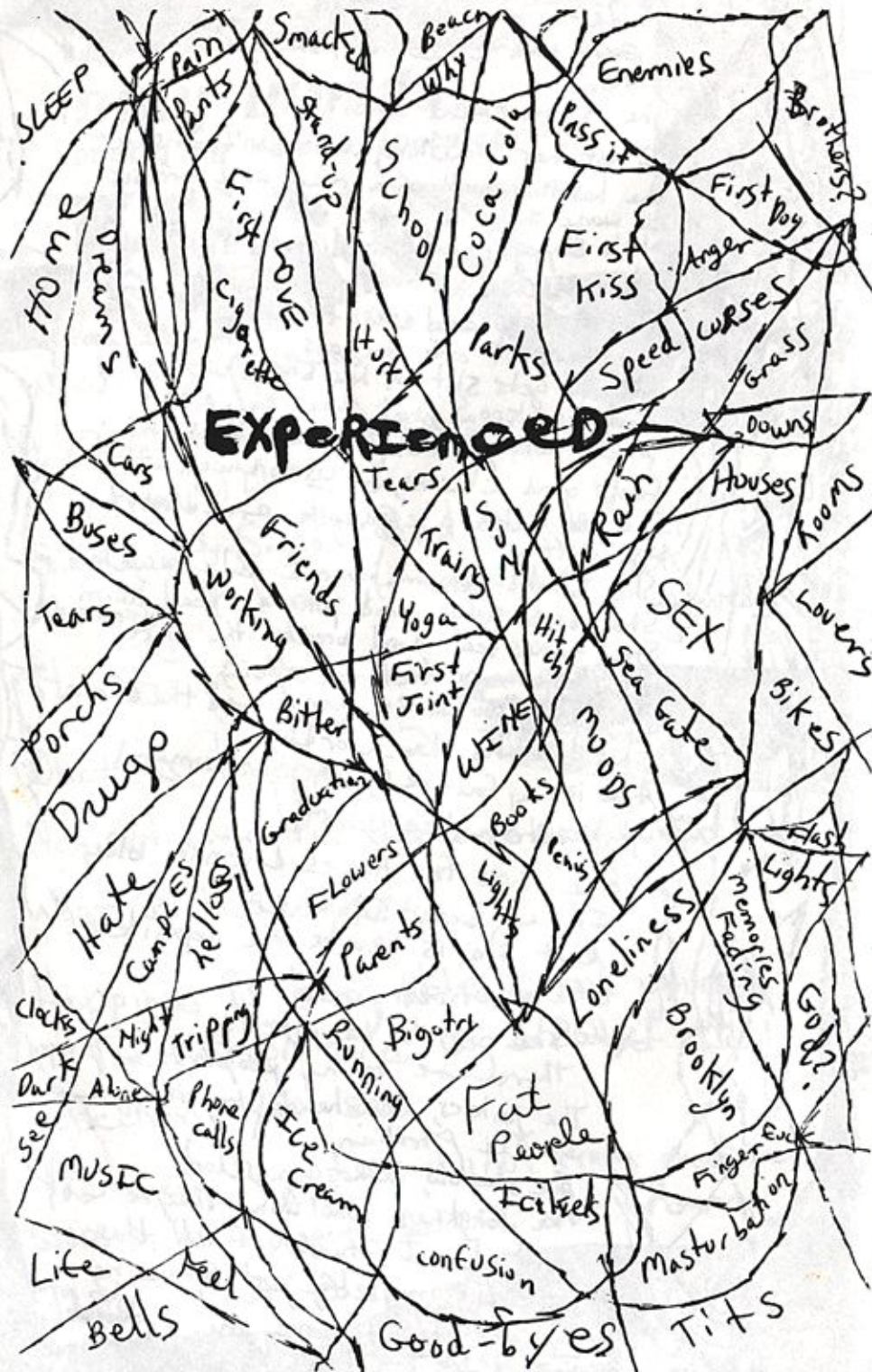
The shallow, lames in school,

The longhairs who think they're cool

And when I think of all this,

I dig myself, just knowing

I am strong and me, ^{like none} of these, to be pitiedooo



'The Swirl'

Perhaps it's me.
 Thus I'm confused.
 The sphere kept turning,
 Or was it the pattern?
 I felt unceasing pain.
 But nothing's permanent
 As you said,
 In that brief interlude.
 The beauty faded.
 It turned the corner.
 The boundary line is gone,
 Enveloped in my mind.
 Don't commercialize my message.
 If you do,
 I'll fade too.

Insanity all around me
I found myself ~~the~~ soul survivor
Who was left out of the boat
I found myself an abused mind,
tattered by the misgivings of others.
They're making a terrible mistake.
I fell off the sliding pond,
You creep.

After the rain,
After all the pain is gone,
Then I come out
to you,
to see you,
Ready and eager to destroy me..